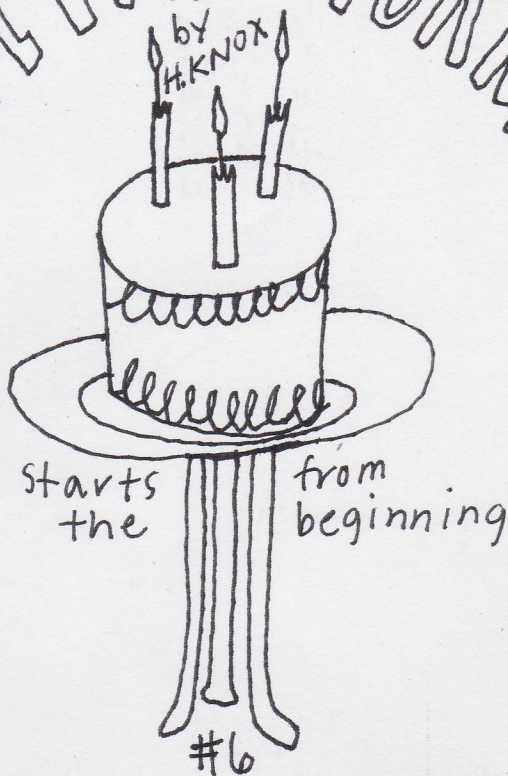
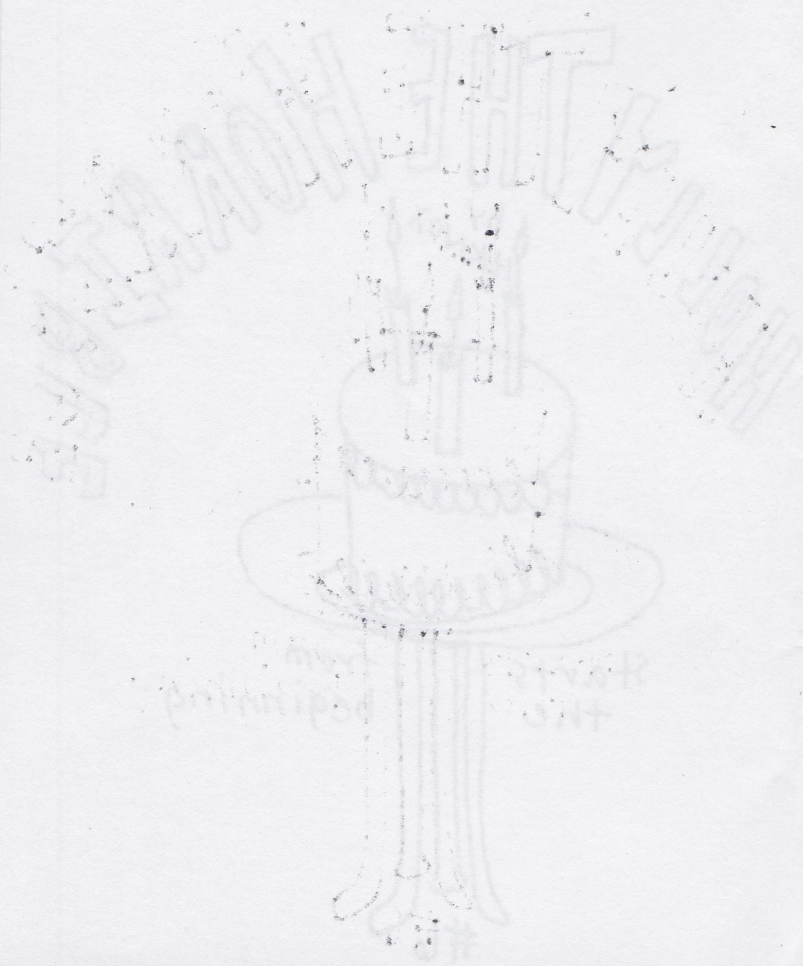


222 E 3rd ST AUGUST 2014

HOLY THE HORRIBLE



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



very beginning

I had no roof of my mouth
when I was Born.

I had to be in an oxygen
tent for months

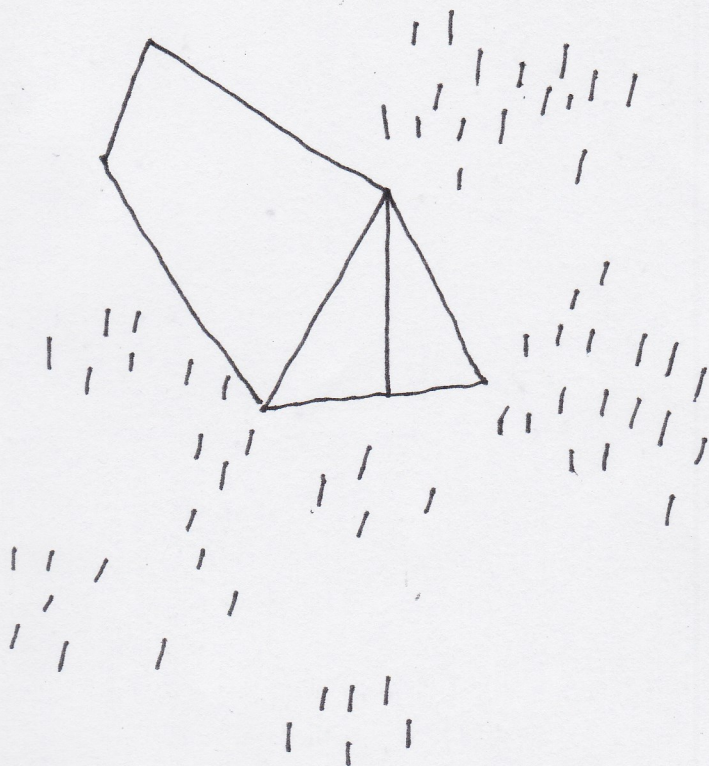
my parents were not
allowed to visit because I
would get too excited
and rip my stitches. I

would start to choke on my
own blood.

Very beginning

I had no root of my teeth
when I was born
I had to be in an oxygen
tent for months
my parents were not
allowed to visit because I
would get too excited
and rip my stitches
I would start to choke on my
own blood.

TENT



TMST

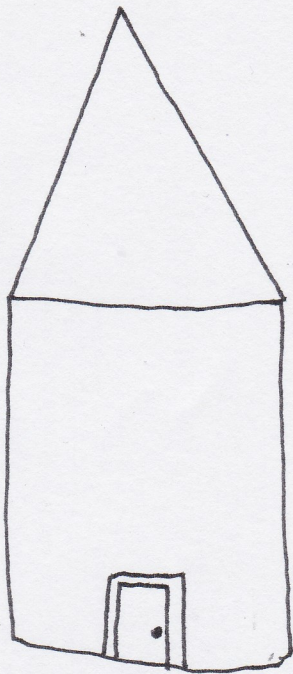


Beginning

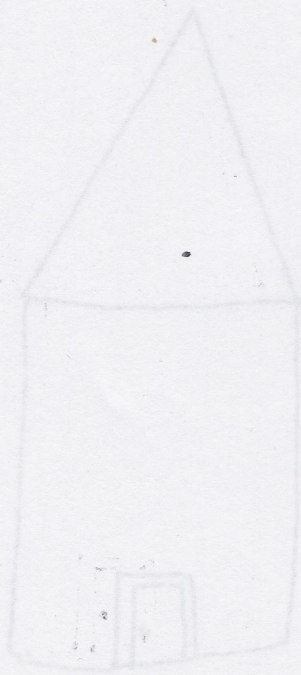
When I finally went home I had to wear boards strapped to my arms so I wouldn't rip the stitches out of my mouth.

beginning

When I finally went
home I had to wear
boards strapped to my
arms so I wouldn't feel
the stitches out of my
wounds.



H O M E



HOME

beginning

my mother, when I
wouldn't finish my
dinner, shoved my head
in the trash and said
"eat."

preparing

my mother, which I
would like to
know, please my head
in the trash and said
"Glad to"

TRASH



7 R A S H



beginning

truth be told,

I still loved them
because ~~I was fucking~~
~~4 years old.~~

I didn't know
better.

